

Scuttled Memories

We walk away from yesterday
as if it will be there tomorrow
just as we left it

Like abandoned whaling stations
at the bottom of the world
table set, kettle waiting

For the return of someone
we once knew, keeping things
frozen in time

They are stuck in the wooden hull
of memory, where they sit
and wait unchanged

Until one day a foreigner sails by
wearing their familiar face,
scuttling you with a smile

Elizabeth McCarthy